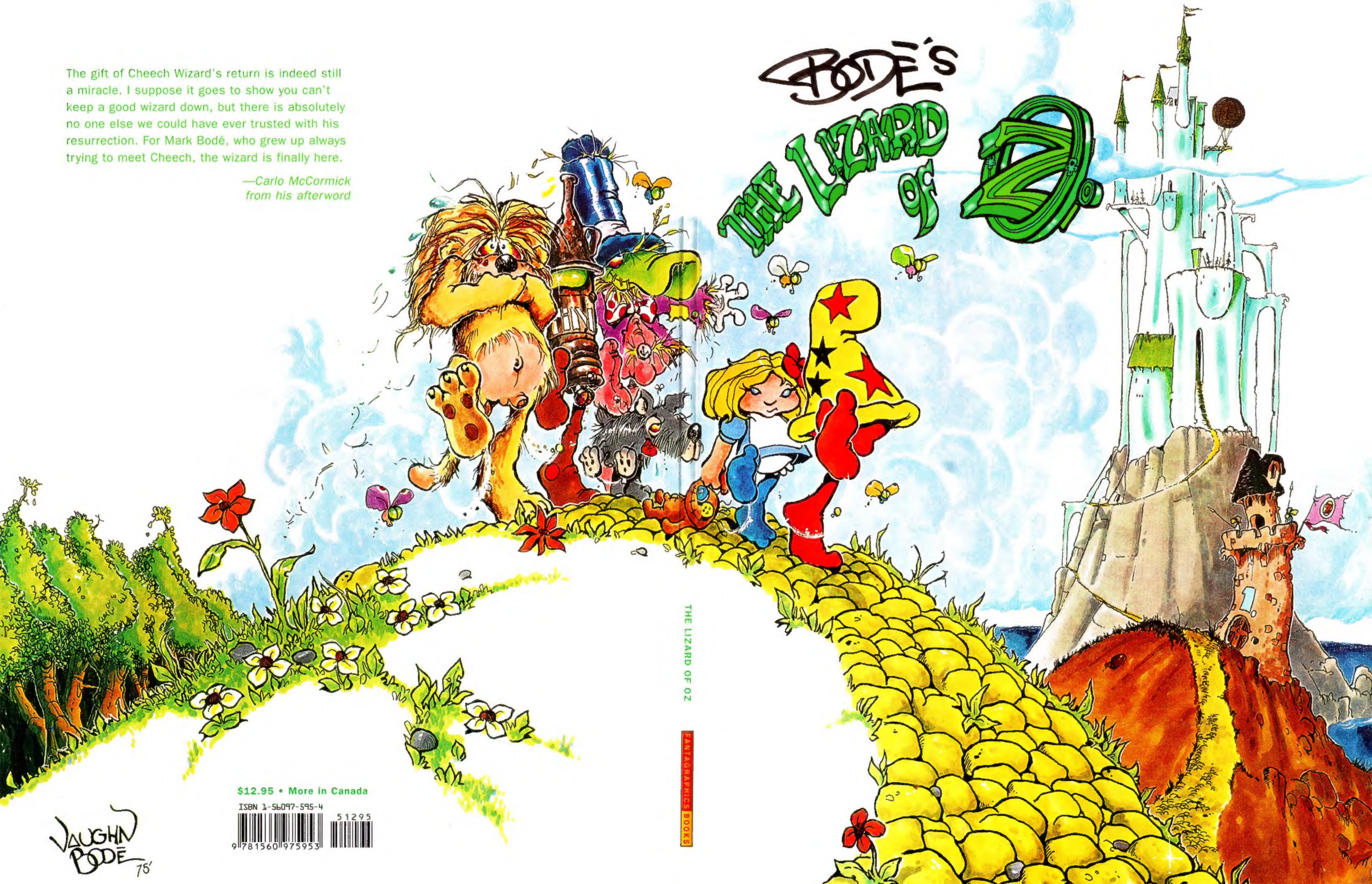


The gift of Cheech Wizard's return is indeed still a miracle. I suppose it goes to show you can't keep a good wizard down, but there is absolutely no one else we could have ever trusted with his resurrection. For Mark Bodé, who grew up always trying to meet Cheech, the wizard is finally here.

—Carlo McCormick  
from his afterword

# BODÉ'S THE LIZARD OF



THE LIZARD OF OZ

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VAUGHN  
BODÉ  
75'





THE LIZARD OF



# BOB'S THE LIZARD OF



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

# BODÉ'S THE LIZARD OF OZ

INSPIRED BY L. FRANK BAUM'S THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ

MARK BODÉ

script & interior art

VAUGHN BODÉ

cover art

CARLO MCCORMICK

afterword

RAFAEL RIVERA DOCTOR REVOLT

coloring assist to Mark Bodé

DEDICATED TO MY TALENTED DAUGHTER:  
ZARA ♥



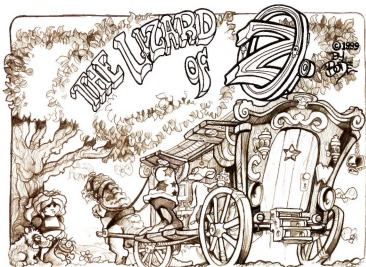
GARY "BIG DADDY" GROTH  
KIM "BUZZ SAW" THOMPSON  
publishers

MARC "POON TANG" ARSENAULT  
production lizard

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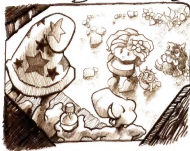
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STEP RIGHT UP, LIL' LADY, AND  
GET YOUR BOYFRIEND A REAL  
HUMDINGER WITH CHEECH  
WIZARD'S MAGIC ERECTION  
JUICE. JUS' ASK DIS STIFF  
CUSTOMER. HERE...

AH, YAH...  
GET CHEECH  
WIZARD'S  
ERECTION  
JUICE. JUS' A  
BUCK A BOTTLE

I DON'T GOT NO BOYFRIENDS 'CEPT  
MY DOG TOETOE AND MY DOLL RAGBAG,  
AND HE STINKS LIKE PUKE.

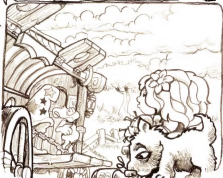


I THINK SHE'S COMIN' ON  
TA' ME, CHEECH!



ALLRIGHT, I HAD IT!! IF YOU ONLY HAD  
A BRAIN YOU COULD OF SOLD DAT  
CRAP TO AN OIL DRUM..PICK UP  
DA' SHIT, WERE MOVIN' OUT!!

STORY



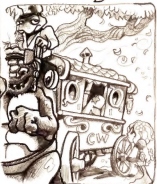
YOU BAD HAT!!  
YOU SCARED  
RAG BAG!! I'M  
JUS' LOOKIN' FOR  
A PLACE TA' POOP!



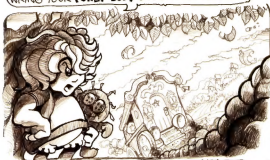
WELL YA BETTER POOP  
QUICK, KID, CAUSE A  
STORMS A-BREWIN'  
AND I AINT GIVIN' ANY  
HANDOUTS...



I GOT A DATE WITH MONA  
DA' BAR HAG WITHIN'  
DA' HOUR...  
GOTS TA' GO, KID...



DON'T LISTEN TO DAT 'BAD HAT, RAG BAG!  
HE'S JUS' A BIG POOP WITLESS!! I'LL  
WRING YOUR PUKEY BODY OUT ON HIS MOLDY HAT..



FOOOOSH! HELP! DA STINKIN' OUT HOUSE IS TAKIN' OFF! YELP!!







I THINK MY BRAIN  
JUS' PUKED OUT  
MY BUTT!!



TP DONDI



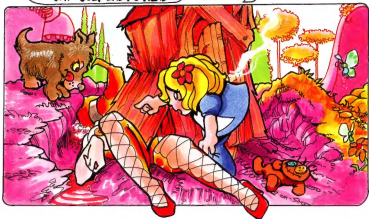


RAG BAG? WE'RE NOT IN CRICKETS  
POND NO MORE....

WOOF...



GEE, LOOKS LIKE DA' OUTHOUSE CRUSHED DA' PINK SHIT RIGHT OUTA'  
DAT' UGLY LADY'S HEAD...







WOW, YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL.  
ARE YOU A HO  
OR SUMPIN'?

WHY, SOMETIMES, LIL' POPPY.  
I'M BELINDA  
THE GOOD FELLATIO  
FAIRY OF THE NORTH!



YOU DID ALL OF US SUCH A WONDERFUL FAVOR BY  
KILLING HER, YOUNG POPPY. WE'RE ALL IN YOUR DEBT!

ALL OF US?





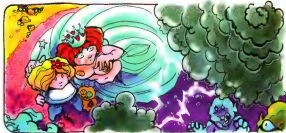
YOU'VE CRASHED SMACK DAB INTO THE URBAN CRACKDOM  
OF THE MUNCHWIN GHETTO AND KILLED THE NYMPHO SODOMY  
SLUT HERSELF, THE WICKED BITCH OF THE EAST! YOU'RE THEIR HERO...



SHE KILLED HER  
SO SWEETLY ~

AND SQUASHED HER HEAD  
SO COMPLETELY ~

IT'S MAKIN' ME  
HORNY



CRAC!

BOOM



IT'S HER WICKEDNESS THE BITCHY  
BITCH OF DA' WESS! WE'RE ALL  
FUCKED NOW, MAN!!

ACK!! SOMEONE KILLED!  
MY SISTER!!!



WHO KILLED HER?/  
YOU? YOU LIL' 4FT  
TAMPON!!!

I DIDN'T KILL HER  
DA' OUT HOUSE  
DID... HONEST!

LIL' BITCHES KILL  
WITCHES, NOT OUT  
HOUSES... NOW IM GONNA!



IN ALL MY WRETCHED  
WICKEDNESS I FORGOT  
THE RUBY SLIPPERS!

WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH THEM,  
BITCH?!

YOU'VE SHOWN YOUR  
WICKEDNESS TO BE TRUE,  
THEY'RE HERE UPON LIL  
POPPY'S FEET, SAFE FROM  
YOU!

PUNG! WHA? SHIT!!



GIVE ME THOSE SLIPPERS!

FUK! DAT BLOODY  
MUTT BIT MY  
HAND OFF!!

I'LL GET YOU-N-YOUR  
DOG AND YOUR LIL  
DOLL TOO!! AAAAAA!

POOF



SNAR! SNAP! CRUNCH!!!





SHE SURE IS  
ANGRY.... WELP,  
GOT TA GO NOW!

BUT ME AND TOETOE  
AND RAG BAG  
WANNA GO HOME...

OH YES!  
FOLLOW THE YELLOW  
BRICK ROAD...

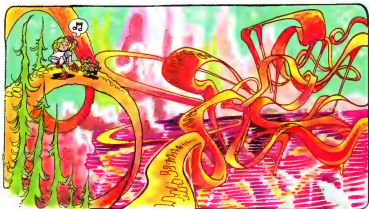


AND THERE YOU'LL FIND THE GREAT HUNG WIZARD HIMSELF,  
THE LIZARD OF OZ..... OH, THAT REMINDS ME, DARLIN'. GOTTA'  
BE OFF, TA BOFF DA HAT! LATER, SIS!

DAT WIZARD IS NO LIZARD!

NO,  
SHIT!





TOETDE? WE'S BEEN  
WALKIN' DIS FUCKED  
UP ROAD FOREVER!  
DAT BITCH FUCKED US UP!

IVE G.U.T... ORD... P...  
MY... ASSSS...  
IVE ... A ... ORD

DAT BIRD IS  
TRYIN' TA'  
SAY SUMPIN',  
TOETDE!

ORD...  
ASSS...  
NOW...





OR DID YOU  
SAY DAT,  
LIZARD?

TAKE DA  
BOARD...OUTA  
MY ASSSS!!

DAT LIZARD SAYS NASTY  
STUFF! SICK 'IM TOETOE!  
(GRRRRGURGLE) (SLURK)

RAUF!  
SNAP!  
AGG! MY BALLS!



**XARR!** SKA RIP,  
WUMP  
GURGLE... SNAR.... GRRRRK

DAT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I HAD IN MIND... BUT  
THANKS ANYWAY, GIRLIE..... UM, NOW, DO YOU  
MIND UNHINGING YOUR LAND PIRANHA  
FROM MY LOWER EXTREMITIES? IN-LEASE?



OK, WELL, YOU  
SAID PLEASE... SO  
HERES YOUR LEGS  
BACK.... GEE, YOURS  
NOT FULL OF SHIT,  
YOUS STUFFED LIKE  
MY PUKIE DOLL, RAG BAG

YAH, DAT SHIT  
FAKE WIZARD  
STUFFED ME  
FULL OF HEMP  
SHIT AND MOUSE  
DUNG...

DEN HE LEFT ME FOR DEAD  
OUT HERE IN DIS LOUSY HOOCH  
FIELD! DAT FUCKER, CHEECH!!  
IF I ONLY HAD A BRAIN I NEVER  
WOULD OF HUNG OUT WIT' DAT FUCKER!



YOUS KNOWS DA  
LIZARD OF OZ?

DAT WIZARD IS  
NO LIZARD. IN FACT  
I'D LIKE TA SWING  
HIM AROUND BY  
HIS ROIDS AND CHUCKIN  
IN DA DUMP LIKE  
HE DID ME!!!

DATS NICE...  
I'M POPPY AND  
DIS IS MY DOG  
TODDIE, AND MY  
DOLL RAG BAG...  
WE JUS WANT TA  
GO BACK TO DA ORPHANAGE.

IT'S KINDA DOUBT  
DAT FUCKER WILL  
HELP YOU OUT. BUT  
I'LL SHOWS YOU HIS  
HIDEOUT, JUS TA  
SPITE DA  
FUCKER!

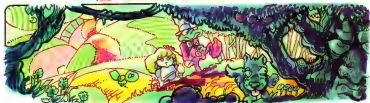
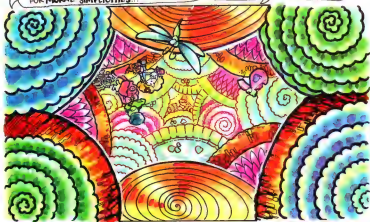




HOLY SHIT BALLS! IMAGERY IS COLLIDING  
WITH REALITY, IT'S MAKIN' MY BRAIN ACHE  
FOR MORAL SIMPLICITIES...

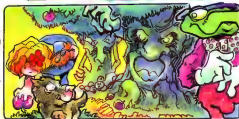
LIKE PUKING ON  
RNG BAG?

UH, YAH...



OOO, AN  
APPLE!!  
I IS  
HUNGRY!

WOOF!



WHAT DUH?

GET YOUR  
LIL' MEAT  
EATIN' PAWS  
OFF MY  
COMELUMS!

YOU HEARD  
ME! PUT  
DAT COME  
PLUM DOWN!  
BITCH!

DON'T TALK TA  
HER LIKE DAT,  
YOU BIG UGLY  
FUKIN BEE TREE!

GRRR'SH!!

NO BEE TREE'S  
EVA 'BEEN IN DIS  
WOODS! I RECKON  
DESE PEOPLE BUGS BE  
MOVIN' ON DREE WAY!

I'D NEVER WIT A BEE  
TREE! YOU LIL' POOP  
MAKERS, COMIN' IN  
HERE AND STINKIN'  
UP OUR WOODS!



GET DA 'F  
OUTA' HERE,  
YOU LIL' ~~~~~

**CRASH**

INTO DA  
WOODS  
PRONTO!!

**BOOM!!**

WHY, LOOK, IT'S  
A TIN PUNKERBUN  
MODEL 38.5...  
WITH A TURBO  
INTAKE MANIFOLD!

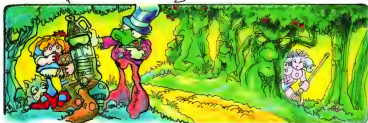
IT LOOKS  
LIKE  
A BIG  
DILDO!  
MUNCH!





MMM PRR-MMM...

HEY! IT MADE A NOISE! I DIDN'T KNOW  
PUNKERBUNS COULD TALK!



MM OIL M  
MM OIL  
M-MEE...

I BELIEVE THE  
POOR FUKER  
SAID, OIL ME!

SKREEK  
SKREEK  
SKREEK

GLOIT, GLOIT  
GLICTA-GLICTA  
GLICK

CREEK MM, YAH..  
BZZT-MMM  
OH, YAH! TINK



LOOK AT DAT  
FUKER GO!

MY LOVE!

SUMP  
SUMP

MY ONE!  
MY ONLY!



FOR SO LONG  
I'VE YEARNED...

FOR THE CLANK OF YOUR  
BEAUTIFUL, METALLIC BODY  
AGAINST MINE! WOMAN!  
MY LOVE DONE...

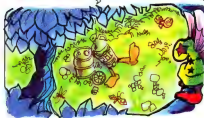
TINK  
TINK  
TINK



NOW WE CAN GROW  
OLD AND RUSTY TOGETHER... ♥

DAT'S SERIOUSLY  
FUCKED UP!

BURP



I DON'T KNOW HOWS TA TELL YOUS DIS, TINMAN,  
BUT YOUS GIRLFRIEND IS AN OIL DRUM...

WUT WAS  
DAT, HONEY?  
OH, DON'T  
LISTEN TO DEM.  
I LOVE YOU  
TOO ♥  
I HAVE A  
STIFFY  
FOR YOU  
EVEN...

PING,  
PING,  
PING, PING



UMM...TINMAN OR  
WUT EVER YOUR NAME  
IS..UH...SHE'S HOLLOW..

KANG!  
KANG!  
HUNH?

THIS CAN'T BE!! MY HEART  
PUMP IS BROKEN! I'LL  
NEVER HAVE A HEART ON  
AGAIN.... "SOB".... "TINK TINK"



DONT CRY, TINMAN! YOU'LL GET ALL RUSTY  
AGAIN! MAYBE THE LIZARD OF OZ WILL  
HAVE A HARDON JUS' FER YOU....



RAG BAG AND TOTOE AND I JUST WANNA GO HOME TO  
CRICKETS POND AND DA' SCARECROW WANTS A  
BRAIN, DEN HE'S GONNA KICK THE WIZARD'S ASS, AND  
I WANNA SEE DAT!

GEE, DUDES, YOUSE  
GUYS' ARE DA' NUTS  
ASS, REALLY YOU ARE!





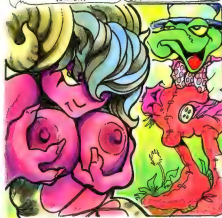
SO! YA GOT SOME NEW FRIENDS, EH, TAMPON?... YOU TWO OUGHTA STAY AWAY FROM THAT LIL' GIRL!!! SHE STOLE MY FUCKIN' RUBY SLIPPERS!!! HMMMM... TALK ABOUT FUCKIN'~



HE HE. HEE... WANNA' BALL, SCARECROW?  
HMMMM...

WHY, NOW DAT YOU MENTION IT.. UH, CERTAINLY, MY DEAR,

MY TITS ARE HOT FOR YOU... REAL HOT!!  
HA HA HA HAAAAH...



! YOU'RE UP, LIZARD!!!



HOLY CRACK HOES!  
MY LIL' STUFFED BOD'S  
ON FIRE!!!

HA,  
HAA!  
BYE BYE  
LIZARD!

ROOF

OH MY! OH JEEZ!  
OW! OW! OW!

PUMP  
PUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP



COLD AS A WITCH'S  
TIT, MY ASS! DAT  
BROAD GOT QUITE  
DA AFTER GLOW!!

YOUS SMOKE  
BETTER DEN  
A NICKEL  
BAG SCARECROW

YOU GUYS ARE COOL...  
IF I STEAL SHIT FROM  
YOU, REMEMBER I  
STILL LIKE YOU GUYS  
ALOT... OK?

SURE,  
LIL' PUPPY  
MAMM,  
BZZZI



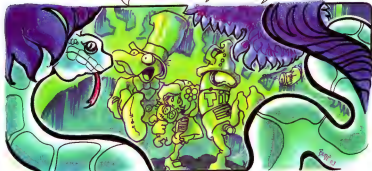
HOT TO: COFFEE SHOP 3/4

UH, DIS PLACE IS CREEPIN' ME OUT!!  
DERE IS MORE LIKELY LIONS~

AND  
TIGERS!

AND BEERS!  
OH, MY!!

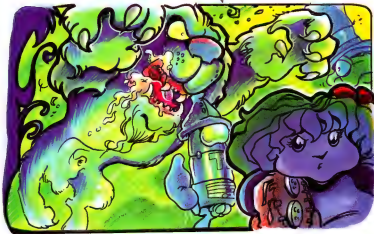
PINK!



PRROG!

GAK! SKREEETCH!

BEUU!!  
CLIPS





OK! WHO'S FIRST DOWN DA FUGGIN' HATCH? I'M FUCKN STARNIN'!

HEY! YOU SCARED DA SHIT OUTAH' RAGBAG, YOU CAT TURD!!! NOW I'M GONNA SQUASH HIS PISSY BODY AGAINST YOUR SQUISHY HEAD!

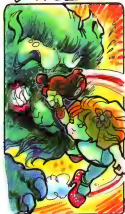


FWOP

OOFY!!

YUH, YUH, YUH,  
DIDN'T HAVE TA  
CRACK ME IN MY  
NOSEY...: SNUK!

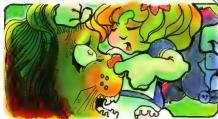
GRRR-HOOOWL!!!  
NOBODY CARES



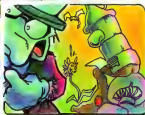
LOOK, I AINT GOT TIME FOR  
ASSHOLE LIONS LIKE YOU!  
ME AND RAGBAG AND TETOE  
WANNA GET BACK TO DA CRIB!

"WHIMPER"

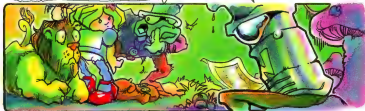
WE'RE OFF TO SEE DA  
LIZARD OF OZ YA SEE!!  
HE'S GONNA GIVE ME BRAINS  
DEN I'M GONNA PULL HIS ASS  
THROUGH HIS FUCKIN' NOSTRILS



AN OIL CAT WANTS TA' MAKE IT WIT AN  
OIL DRUM! HE'S ALL FUCKED UP!



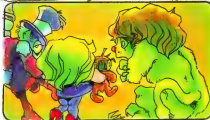
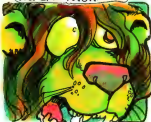
OOOH, SUCH SORROW...  
TINK -- TINK -- TINK



DO YOU TH-THINK  
HE COULD GIVE ME  
B-BALLS? I DONT GOT  
NONE, YA KNOW...

YOU CAN GO AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT  
HIGH MAINTENANCE! RAG BAG  
HATES HIGH MAINTENANCE, PUSSY-  
ASS LIONS!

TH-THANK  
YOU R-R-  
RAG BAG.



THAT LIL' THIEF POPPY WON'T TAKE A WARNING, HUNH? HMMMM... POPPIES?



YAH, YAH, YAH  
POPPIES ARE  
BAD! YAH, YAH  
YAH!

POPPIES YES! POPPIES  
WILL PUT THE LIL'  
WOLF ON A NOD FROM HELL!

PERHAPS FOR GOOD!  
THE SLIPPERS AND  
THE POWER OF OZ  
WILL BE MINE!!

DO IT, YAH,  
PUT HER  
DOWN, YAH!





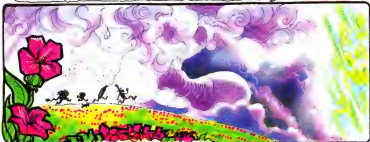
THERE IT IS!!!

DA EMERALD CITY!!!

NOW, I CAN PULL DA  
SACK OFF DAT FUCKERS NOB!!



LETS RUN! WE'LL BE HOME SOON! TOETOE, LETS GO!



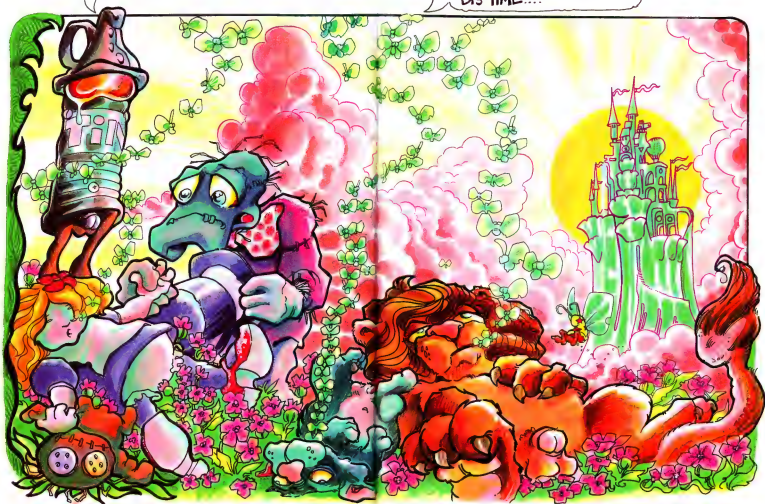
WAIT UP!! BZZZZT! CORNDUDE, I THINK WE  
LOST DER MEAT EATERS!!

HUNH? WHATCHYA' SAY?



THIS AINT FUNNY, DUDE...THE WHITE HORSE JUS' RODE ALL OVER DEM!  
LIKE A SHIT WAGON ON FIRE... 'BUIP' 'BUIP' NOW DA CHILDRENS  
ARE D.O.A.... NOW WE HAVE TO BE LONELY AGAIN...TIC! TIC!

POPPY? TOETOE? RIGBAG? AWW, MAN!  
DIS STORY FUCKIN' SUCKS! DA  
BODES FUCKED US UP GOOD  
DIS TIME....



DAMAGE DONE, DUDE, BZZT  
DAMAGE DONE... TIC TIC

LIL' POPPY WILL BE HAPPY,  
SHE'S HOME NOW... 'SNIFF'  
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, TIN MAN...



OH SHIT,  
NOT AGAIN!

A GOOD FELLATIO FAIRY CAN'T EVEN  
GET SOME HEAD AROUND HERE  
WITHOUT SOME LAME ASS  
REWRITE GOIN' ON!! NERTZ!!



GILLIKINS, WINKIES, MUNCHIN DEE, THE EMERALD CITY IS WHERE YOU  
SHOULD BE! GET OUT OF THE GROUND FOR FREE, FOR IT'S DA WIZARD YOU WANT  
TO SEE! FOR THE LION, TOETOE, AND LIL' POPPY.....







I DON'T GOT  
DA' BALIS TA  
GO IN DERE!

POUND A BEER  
AND GET OVER  
IT, FRUIT NUT!

DAT WIZARD BETTER  
BE PUCKIN' CAUSE  
I GONNAY GET DAT  
FUCKER!



CLING-ya CLANG

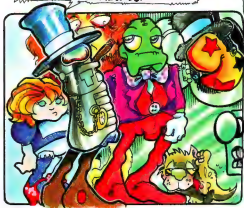
WHOS BUGGIN'  
ON MY BONKER?  
BUG FACE!

WE COME  
TA SEE  
DA' LIZARD  
OF OZ!

NO ONE, BUT NO ONE,  
CEPT WHORES AND DRUG  
DEALERS. GET TA SEE HIM!!!  
DATS ALL KID' HASTA  
LA VISTA' WAIFO!



PARDON MOI MISSEUR! I AM TIN MAN DEE  
PUNKERPAN PIMP! AND THESE HERE  
ARE ME HOES! "BUP BUB"



FIRST ON DA' PERVERTS  
MENU, WE HAVE  
POPPY SUCKY POP DA  
HALF HAD VIRGIN WAIF!  
"NUM NUMMIE"



AS WELL, WE HAVE DA'  
HAIRY COCKSUCKER  
HIMSELF, DA' PUSSYASS  
LION! TUG TUG DIZZT!



WE ALSO HAVE THE SCARE  
CROW, WHO'S MADE OF  
DA' BEST HYDRO KNOWN  
TO DA' MUNCHKIN  
GHETTO! "NUG NUGBURET"



AND I'LL THROW IN DA'  
MUTT FER GOOD MEASURE!  
ALL FOR THE PRICE OF ADMISSION  
TO THIS GREAT CITY OF  
EMERALAIS!

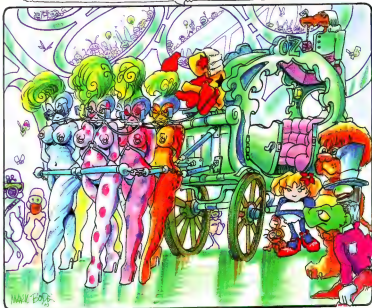


DA' WIZARD AINT INTERESTED  
BUT I SUPPOSE HE COULD MAKE  
A PERCENTAGE OFF DA' WAIF...

THE ALL MIGHTY ALL KNOWING OZ HIMSELF  
AWAITS YOU! ENTER, SHITHEADS, DA EMERALD CITY!



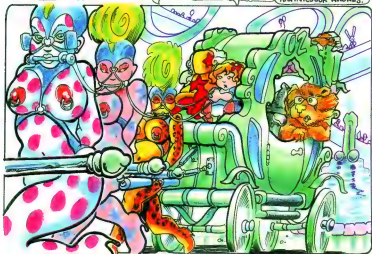
WE'LL BUST MY BRITCHES! AND DESE ARE WHORES OF A DIFFERENT COLOR!  
WELCOME TA' OZ! FELINE FREAK, AND APPENDAGES! STEP UP!



YOUS CAN HOLD ON TO DA REINS  
CAUSE I AINT GOT NO OFFICIAL HANDS...

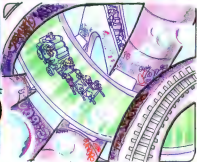
HOW'D YA LOSE  
YOUR HANDS MR. HAT?

NEVER YOU MIND! I AM  
CONCENTRATIN' ON DESE  
TECHNICOLOR WHORES!



HUP, HUP, KEEP UM JIGGLIN TO DA  
WIZARD'S TOWER, ME BEAUTIES!

DA' TWO BROADS IN DA FRONT, YOUS  
MEET ME IN DA CAB AFTER DA RIDE!



TO CONTINUE



IF DA WIZARD SEEMS PISSED DONT  
TELL UM I BROUGHT YA' HERE! HUP,  
HUP, ME DARLINS!

.....

MAYBE WE SHOULD  
FORGET ABOUT ALL  
DIS!.... GULP....

1-1-1 AM S-S-  
SCARED AS  
SH-SHIT!!

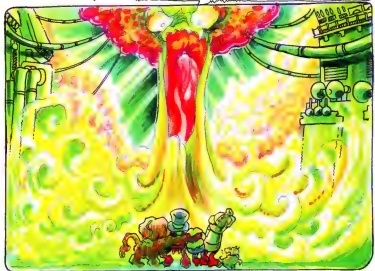


DATS HIM!  
GASP!

CHOKES  
WZZOT!

GRRRR

I AM THE GREAT BODHISATVA! THE ALL MIGHTY, ALL KNOWING, ALL SEEING,  
AND JUS' HAPPEN TO BE OZ HISSELF!! WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT  
DO YOU GROVELING INSECTS WANT FROM THE ALL MIGHTY OZ?!



I AM POPPY THE VIRGIN WAIF, AND DIS' IS THE AIRHEAD SCORECROW,  
AN DEE GAY ASS LION, AND DA TIN DILDO... WE ALL WANT SOME KINDA SHIT  
OR ANOTHER... I... I...



**SHUT-UP!**  
INSOLENCE!!!

YOU LIL' MUNCHKIN FUCKERS! ALWAYS  
WANTIN' SHIT! WELL  
FUCK YOU!!!!



NOW GET DA' FUK OUT OF HERE!! BRING ME THE  
BROOMED DILDO OF THE FUCKIN' WICKED BITCH OF  
DA EAST, AND I'LL THINK ABOUT IT!!!



WE IS ALL DOOMED IF  
WE DONT GET DAT  
DILDO-UH-BROOM  
THINGY...

THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP

NO  
SHIT!!  
[Faint]

BZZZOT! WE ARE DONE, NADGE,  
ZILCHOE, SHANKED!!



OK, WHO'S SWIMMIN' DA'  
MOAT TA' GET DA' WITCH'S  
DILDO?

TIN MAN, YOU'RE DA'  
MOST DISPENSABLE  
CHARACTER! YOU GO!

NOW, DUDE! DAT IS  
TOTALLY ILLIN' MAN!  
LIKE, I AINT GOIN, DUDE!

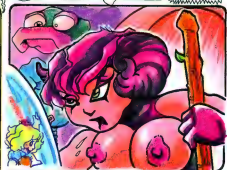


**POW!**

DUDE!  
GZZZZZ

THERE IS A DISTURBANCE IN THE BALL!  
WUT?! IT'S THAT FOUR YEAR OL' CUNT  
AND HER PUKEY DOLL, RAG BAG!

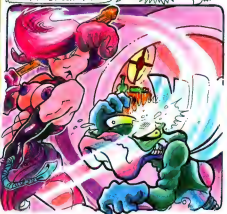
CURSES!



QUICKLY ARM THE JUNKIE  
CASTRATI ANUS CYCLED  
SLAVE LIZARDS! I WANT  
THOSE RUBY SLIPPERS!

WKK

ACK!  
YES, YOUR  
BITCHINESS!





FLY, MY LIL' ANUSCYCLED CASTRATI,  
FLY! YES! HA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

CRACK! YEEP/YEEP/  
YEEEP!



FOLLOW AND AVENGE MY SISTERS DEATH,  
YOU PILFERING PUNKS!!!

YEEP, YEEP, YEEEEP!



ALL YOU ASSHOLES  
KNOW WHAT I WANT!!!



**SMIFF  
SNUK  
COWBOYS**

AAAAAAA TITS...  
THEY'RE SAGGING,  
MY BEAUTIFUL—

Horny ass body-  
Melting, melting,  
melting... AAAAAA-  
What a pisser, wut  
a pisssssssaaaaaa...



BAD DOG,  
TOE TOE!!

UM... GULP... TOE TOE IS VERY  
SORRY... UM.... I... UM...



DA' BITCH  
IS DING  
DONG  
DEAD!

COOL! LET'S GO BACK AND  
SELL DA' BITCH'S STASH TO  
DA MUNCHKIN GHETTO!

CLICK  
BUZZZZZ  
CLIK CLIK  
BUZZZT  
-TLE-  
BUZZZZZ

TIN  
MAN!

UH, SLAPSTICK AINT  
FUNNY, WHEN ITS ME,  
MAN! YOU HAVE GOT  
TO MELLOW OUT, YO!  
SGUZZZZZZZZT! CAK

BLIP  
BLIP  
BLIP  
BLIP  
BLIP



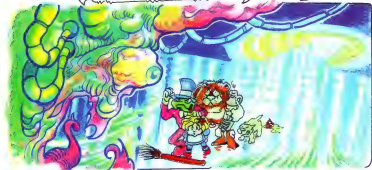
TM, REX, ZEPH AND SEEN NYC

ERLIL AND I  
A SILVER LOVER

TO HELL WITH YOU!  
I DON'T NEED NO SYPHILIS  
INFECTED BROOM!!

YO, MISTER,  
DAT 'AINT  
DA DEAL!

YA! YOU IS A  
SHIT FAKE WIZARD  
ARENT YOU?!!



LEAVE ME, I'M BUSY!! US  
WIZARDS ARE ETERNALLY  
BUSY DOIN' IMPORTANT  
UNIVERSE STUFF!  
NOW LEAVE!

PRY NO  
ATTENTION TO  
THAT HAT BALLIN'  
THAT BROAD  
OVER THERE!

HEY, YOU  
FULL OF  
SHIT  
HAT!!!

THIS ISNT GONNA  
WORK, CREEPY... YOU'VE  
HAD TOO MUCH BOOZE  
ANYWAY!





MAN, KID, I PND DAT  
CHICK WAY TOO MUCH  
TO HAVE **YOUR PUNK**  
ASS RUIN DA WIZARDS  
TIME!

ALRIGHT, LETS CUT DA SHIT! I KNOWS  
WHY YOUS BUGGIN' DA HAT. YOUS WANTS  
MENIAL SHIT... YOUR DIM AWARENESS  
DOESNT ABSORB HEAVY REAL TIME STUFF  
LIKE ENLIGHTENMENT, NO!!!



NO! YOU LAME-DA WANT HEARTONS,  
AND BALLS AND FREE RIDES AND  
LOW LEVEL SHIT LIKE DAT!! YOU  
COCK SUCKERS GOTTA GET YOUR CRAP  
TOGETHER BEFORE YOUR TIMES UP!

ME BEIN' SPECIAL 'CAUSE I IS CHIECH  
DA WIZARD. I AM CAPABLE OF BESTOWING  
ON YOUS CERTAIN BLESSED ORACLE  
TYPE STUFF... IN LAMEO TERMS,  
SOME FREE SHIT, JUS DIS ONCE!



FIRST FOR YOU, TINMAN! BEIN' YOU'S SO STIFF YOU CANT GET HARD, I GIVE YOU MY OWN PERSONAL CUM BAG... JUS DA SMELL ALONE WILL GET CHYA' HARD..

GEE, THANKS, DUDE...<sup>SHIT</sup>

AND YOU, FURBAG!! YOU GET A LIFE TIME SCRIP TO LITHIUM AND PROZAC!



ENOUGH TA MAKE THE END OF THE WORLD! WALK IN DA' FUKIN' PARK

BLESS YOU O-SCAREY ONE.

AND YOU! EGG BRAIN, GET STUPIDER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU'S! I CHRISTEN THEE SIR BRAIN BALL DA' STUPID!

HERES A KICK IN DA' BALLS!!

AAAAAGG!



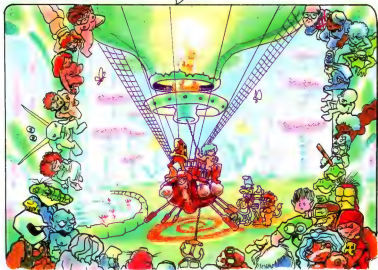
FOR YOU, POPPY, DA WAIF! YOU,  
YOUR DOLL, AND DA SMELLY  
MUTT GET A LIFT BACK TO  
WHEREVER...

JUS' DONT BOP IN AGAIN  
WHEN IM BOFFIN SOME  
BITCH IN DA' BASKET!  
WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

RAG BAG,  
TOE TOE,  
WERE GOIN'  
HOME!!



I, YOUR GREAT AND MALEVOLENT WIZARD, AM ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A  
DANGEROUS AND POSSIBLY FUCKED UP JOURNEY INTO THE UNIVERSAL  
COSMOS, TO CONFER AND GET BAKED WITH MY FELLOW WIZARDS AND  
CONSPIRATORS!!





I GONNA' KIND OF NOT  
MISS YOU GUYS...

GIRKLE.

SORRY 'BOUT ALL DA'  
STUPID SHIT WE DID,  
POPPY... GAFF

LATER! ACK! RAG  
BAG! I DROPT  
RAG BAG!





RAG BAG!

ARF! YIPE

OH NOOO! HOW DO I GET HOME NOW?!

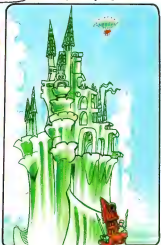
DON'T PANIC, KID, JUST KICK DA' LIZARD IN DA' BALLS 3 TIMES AND UTTER DA' WORDS: THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE DE ORPHANAGE...



DAT FUCKER CHEECH...

AAAAAAAAG... MY... BALLS...

AAAAAAAAG... MY... BALLS...



FINALLY CAME OUT OF DA' METHADONE STOOPER, HUNH, KID?  
NEXT TIME, ASK BEFORE YOU RAID DA' BIG HATS' COOKIE JAR...  
DAT SHIT WILL STUNT YOUR GROWTH!



**THE END!!!**

In 1978 **Mark Bodé**, aged 15, became the youngest artist to work for *Heavy Metal Magazine* coloring his fathers' strip "Zooks." Since then he has worked on "Cobalt 60" for *Epic Illustrated*, *Penthouse's Hot Talk Magazine*, *Miami Mice* series for Rip Off Press, and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* For Mirage Studios and Archie Comics. His illustrations and strips have appeared in *While You Were Sleeping*, *Gauntlet*, *Gwar Comics*, *Cherry Comics* and many others. His artwork has been exhibited in galleries in the US and Europe including "Picturing the Modern Amazon" exhibit for the New Museum of Contemporary Art and at Psychedelic Solution Gallery in New York City. His art appears on walls and trains throughout the world of graffiti art. He tattoos, paints and does live performance art with his comics. Mark enjoys playing Zydeco accordion and boogie woogie piano in his spare time. His home is Northampton, Massachusetts with his wife, Molly and daughter Zara.



Mark Bodé captured by Jenrey Roberts

**Carlo McCormick** is a writer and curator based in New York City. He is senior editor of *Paper Magazine*.

## A Lizard for the Twenty-First Century

"Imagination has given us the steam engine, the telephone, the talking-machine, and the automobile, for these things had to be dreamed of before they became realities."

—L. Frank Baum

### The Founder

At the very dawn of the past century, Lyman Frank Baum, a man whose prior modest successes were consistently punctuated by ill health, nervous breakdowns, heart attacks, waning family fortunes, failed businesses, embezzling accountants and other financial disasters, produced the best-selling children's book *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1900). A congenital escapist and fantasist, Baum's vision of the world beyond is at once a first, in terms of being a truly American sort of fairy tale, and a most timely tonic for the radical upheavals and global anxieties that would characterize the modern age. What would make Baum's Oz so uniquely American and so apt a myth for the Twentieth Century (in part his innate displeasure towards witches, goblins and "the little dwarves in the woods bobbing up with their horrors" that were endemic to the European tradition of children's stories), was in fact the author's own unrelenting optimism. The travels that Dorothy took out of the mundane and into the fantastic — most famously upon a tornado but over the seventeen odd sequels he added, through all manner of natural disaster imaginable and improbable — the transport is as much metaphysical and geographic.

Oz, as a new kind of promised land, stands in for the desire and dread with which America would come to regard the extreme changes of the ensuing hundred years. Its author, whose almost mystical belief in the eventuality of a happy ending would have him write to a son fighting during World War I, "I have lived long enough to learn that in life nothing adverse lasts long," certainly did not live long enough to see the next world war. What he left in his stead however, a belief that those great furies might just carry us over the rainbow (or, as he also wrote in the same letter on adversity to his son, that "the eventual outcome was, we discover, by far the best possible solution for us"), and a tenet that there is no place like home, would most certainly guide his young readers through the traumas and foreign exotics of the

next great fight. But for this, and the pervasiveness of so much more about the wizard, we must surely thank the memory of Victor Fleming's MGM classic *The Wizard of Oz*. Hitting theaters the same year as another cinematic landmark, *Gone With the Wind*, for which Fleming would win the Academy Award for best director, it is surely the psychedelic dream of the former, rather than the nostalgic reverie of the latter, which would guide the identity of the American dream in the decades to come.

### The Film

The year in question, for those who keep track of such things historical, happens to be 1939, a date that also marks the beginning of World War Two. The movie, which is so literal in its fidelity to Baum's original, does however add one peculiar twist when Dorothy arrives home to find out that it was all just a bad dream. This, we might add, could in the presence that art has over its imitator life, be accounted for in the residual effects of another book that appeared the same year as Baum first introduced us to his wonderful wizard—Sigmund Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*. By no mere chance, when it came to the book you now have before you, its author did not reread the novel, but rather watched the movie repeatedly. That difference has far less to do with the ascendancy of image over text — though that is but one of many factors we might attribute to the time span of this past century — than it does with the social changes that have been wrought over these said hundred years.



What Baum witnessed in his life, the physical transformation of the world through technology, is of an entirely different order than the social

changes that have occurred since. That is, the big changes of the first half of the 20th century are apparent as the world went from horse and buggies and quill pens to automobiles, airplanes and television. While technology certainly did not stand still over the next fifty years, we already had much of the most dramatic material aspects in place. The way our lives transformed over the latter half of the Twentieth Century in an even more startling way than before, however, was in our social mores, styles and customs: what we might say more simply as sex, drugs and rock and roll. And this is the gift that the movie gave us which Baum could not. To understand just what that is one might consider the impact its young star had in the years just prior to and after she donned those ruby slippers. Appearing along side another juvenile talent, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney would capture the public's adoration over a series of some nine

features as part of the Andy Hardy mythos that would give birth to and shape forever the American ideal of teen culture.

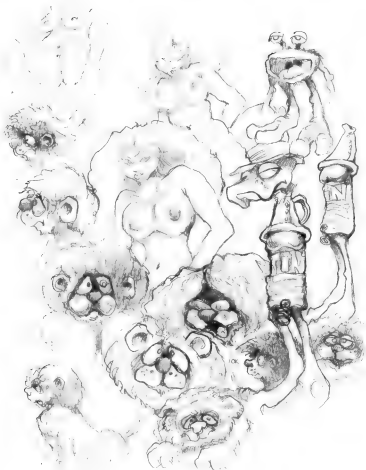
If post-war America can be seen as a constant and ever-accelerating obsession with youth, we must acknowledge how this erotic pubescent optimism was first articulated by Judy and Mickey's early and continuous refrain — "Hey, we've got a barn in the back, let's put on a show." It's not that far from this bit of youthful exuberance to punk rock's DIY or a bunch of poor inner-city kids turning subway vandalism into a fine art and inventing something called Hip Hop in the process. If you want to witness the moment when that great wave of pop culture first deluged our senses, just watch that moment when a black and white farm girl from Kansas opens up the door to see a Technicolor sublime. Lest you not believe in synchronicities by now, try doing it the way stoners have for years by cueing the movie up to Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* (1973). In certainly the most hilarious of the many soundtrack coincidences that occur, that moment when we leave the monochromed rural idyll and go over the rainbow into the rapture of vivid artifice is marked by the first cash register ring of the hit song *Money*.

### The Father

Perhaps it was something in the water, or more probably a pervasive ennui in the air itself, but some eighty-five years after spitting out its favored son of L. Frank Baum, the same greater township of Syracuse in upstate New York would spawn an equally extraordinary mythifier in the name of Vaughn Bodé. Born in 1941, Vaughn Frederick Bodé would not only take the American fairy tale tradition introduced by Baum to ever more phantasmagorical extremes, he would come to bend and twist the vernacular of a child's dreamscape through the psychedelic prism of a new age in which youth was no longer a subject to be seen and not heard but a paradigm of innocence and imagination that was held to be the last chance to save a world gone horribly wrong. Rewriting the Bible as a twelve year old, it was only a few years later, shortly after his sixteenth birthday, that Vaughn Bodé gave birth to one of the oddest little wizards ever to don a larger than life hat and go about boring buxom







beauties in a hallucinogenic wonderland of unmitigated pleasure. His name was Cheech Wizard, and coming to life a full century after that forefather of fairytales, Baum, he would in every way measure the unfathomable distance between the old and new that such a time constituted.

An immoderate wastrel, drunken lecher and perpetrator of a mock spiritualism that, in turns transgressive and transcendent, offers as much idiot-savant wisdom as us lowly mortals might ever dare grasp, Cheech Wizard is at once the charlatan behind the proverbial red curtain and the curtain itself, the screen upon which artist Bodé and his vast audience can project a megalomaniacal display of our collective illusions, delusions, desires and cultural deliriums. Inscrutable and irrelevant, the pint-sized bully that is Cheech not only confronts the authority of America's moral imperative (and this is indeed in stark contrast to Baum, who was in essence a fabulist), he calls into question the very notion of reality itself. By such a regard, Vaughn Bodé is the incarnate spirit and visionary master of the dramatic shifts in sensibility and mentality that occurred in post-war America, Bodé's memorable imprint on our cultural landscape, made iconographic through his most beloved Wizard, would be this prescient messiah of self-indulgent personal discovery that came to characterize the entire dawning awareness and expanded consciousness of the Sixties youth movement. Unlike Baum's rosy fantasy drawn from a world of rapid material changes, Bodé's was both immaterial and anti-materialist, signaling internal changes in attitude for a world in which change was more a social than physical condition.

Describing himself as "an extremely introverted kid, unable to relate to the world around me," Vaughn Bodé's path of "creating my own fantasy world populated with my own little creatures" was in stark contrast to the socially grounded observations of Robert Crumb, Spain Rodriguez and many others who would make up that pioneering generation of seminal underground comic artists. That his celebratory deviance was more than merely a hypothetical alternative but an entire universe of utopianity, would be evident as his aesthetic sublime came to shape the successive populist phenomena of Glitter/Glam Rock and the urban expressions of graffiti art. We may see then in his magical hokum, how Vaughn's cartoon concerts brought a kind of poly-perverse spectacle to the stage that would receive its progeny in an arc from Gary Glitter, David Bowie and T. Rex to Alice Cooper and Kiss. By an even greater regard of posthumous legacy, Vaughn Bodé's popularity among the first generation of graffiti writers to do figurative top-to-bottom whole car burners on the subways of New York in the late Seventies, has given his canon of images a kind of retroactive significance that is still acknowledged by young graffiti writers today. But for all Vaughn left in the wake of his untimely death at the age of thirty-four, the most vital of his living legacy has been his only son, the artist Mark Bodé.

### The Family

Like Baum and his father Vaughn, Mark Bodé is another former denizen of the Syracuse area who has made his home elsewhere, in his case North Hampton, Massachusetts.

Following a singular and uncommon tradition of pursuing a family style, Mark's re-interpretation and extensive continuation of Vaughn's comic universe has notable affinities with the Sixteenth Century family of Flemish painters, the Bruegels, in which Pieter Bruegel the Elder was more than ably followed by both his sons Pieter the Younger and Jan Bruegel. Much in the way that older family pursued a consistent vernacular of the carnivalesque, each in their own idiosyncratic ways, the Bodés have now together mined a lode of consistently fantastical, whimsically lewd and outrageously uncanny degeneracy in compatible yet distinctly individual voices. But as closely as Mark may have followed his father's path and vision, *The Lizard of Oz*, marks the first total convergence of their work, as well as perhaps the final step of this still evolving artist onto his own completely self-actualized domain. This book is truly authored by both Vaughn and Mark Bodé, and in this final collaboration, we bear witness to Bodé the Younger standing forth as the sole father of his own artistic destiny.

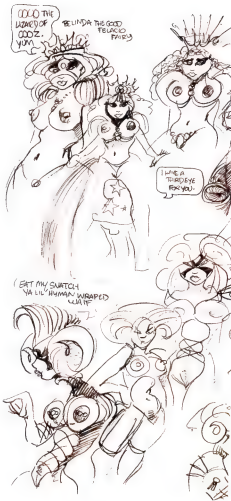
To understand how this most unusual collaboration from beyond the grave came about, we must begin with the father. In 1975, at the height of his brief but immensely prolific career, Vaughn Bodé attended a comic convention in New York City. Having just won the prestigious 'Yellow Kid Award' at the International Comics Congress in Lucca, Italy, and performed the last of his many highly influential Cartoon Concerts at the Louvre in Paris, Bodé's appearance at this particular comic convention was in public support of Dan O'Neill, whose underground masterpiece *Air Pirates* had landed him in an insurmountable legal imbroglio. As *Air Pirates* made free use of some of Disney's most cherished and heavily trademarked characters in a sexual frenzy that no doubt sent the fascist Walt somersaulting in his grave, the Disney Corporation decided to make a cruel example of its author O'Neill. It was a case that Disney's litigious might ultimately won handily, and one that set a crucial precedent in the fight between artist properties and the creative rights of appropriation and parody. While many big names from the world of comics donated work to the auction held that weekend to benefit the legal defense fund of a beleaguered O'Neill, Vaughn struck upon a most generous and inventive form of contribution. Rather than merely submitting an already completed work, Bodé stood upon the auction block with a blank illustration board, offering to create whatever the highest bidder requested. The couple that paid a whopping seven hundred dollars for just such an opportunity happened to be huge Wizard of Oz fans — thus the cover art you now have before you.

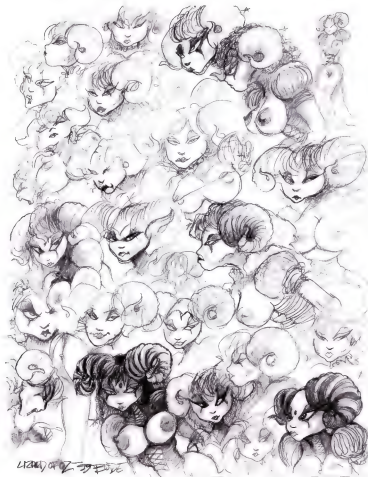
Returning home to his wife and young son in San Francisco soon after receiving this spontaneous commission, Vaughn Bodé died shortly thereafter by tragic misadventure. His full spread *Lizard of Oz* illustration is the last work of art Vaughn Bodé produced. Having stayed up all night working on this drawing, Bodé was clearly inspired by the idea, happy to accompany O'Neill in trespassing upon another sacred slice of treasured Americana, and pleased with his efforts. He would in the end most likely have continued the project into a few page long spoofs for the *National Lampoon*, or one of

the many adult magazines that frequently published his work. What was not to be however, this completed incompleteness, would some two dozen years later provide the spark that ignited Mark Bodé to undertake the most ambitious and compelling project of his career to date. Now, more than a quarter century since his father's passing, Mark Bodé has entered into one of the most complex and involved dialogues with the memory, wisdom and spirit of his father. *The Lizard of Oz* is more than simply Mark Bodé trying to project his creative inheritance towards a future generation of readers, it is a deeply personal investigation of the very nature of what that peculiar visual herloom is and a cathartic archeology of those memories and teachings Vaughn imparted on him.

### The Finder

If there is one final chronological element to consider in this century-plus time line here, it has to be the span of time constituted not merely in the years that Mark Bodé has spent on this considerable opus before us, but as well in that period of cultural and personal evolution that has elapsed since his father's death — what has happened to the artist and his audience in those years that a twelve year old boy became his own man. Mark, who has followed Vaughn's lead with a remarkable stylistic ease and narrative affinity for over two decades now, has quite tellingly never before worked with his father's most celebrated creation, Cheech Wizard. It has been as if, for all that they shared as artists, Cheech was singularly the province of papa Bodé, a figure so integral as the alter-ego and mythic surrogate of Vaughn that Mark dared not usurp his being. Why then did he, after waiting twenty-four years to pick up the story of the Lizard of Oz, finally decide to do so now? One must be careful as to how much one reads into these things, but certainly it would seem that the age of the artist is no mere happenstance. Let us say then that Mark, having finally outlived the age of Vaughn's life span, now indeed felt both the license and the liberty to fully don the mantle of his ultimate inheritance. As much as Vaughn lived, and lived on,













through his Wizard, it has become time for this comic magician to inhabit the next in line. This is the discrete alchemy of family, cultural history and art itself. Or, as Mark more simply put it, "now that I'm older than my dad, Cheech is just part of the family, and if you could bring back an old friend from the grave, wouldn't you?"

An arduous task that took the heir some three and a half years to complete, the re-animation of Cheech was just as surely one of great pleasure and love. Staying closer to Vaughn's signature parodistic dialogue than he's inclined to in his own work, Mark Bodé does far more than simply mimic here, he truly makes this story his own. From his own self-identification as the scarecrow — himself a stand in for the role of apprentice, stuffed full of hemp with a board up his ass — to Mark's personalization of the other characters as his daughter (Poppy) and wife (the Good Felatio Fairy), one can feel the weight of time lived here and understand how this artist now reflects that "it took years to imagine it, just smoking and dreaming, so that I knew what every scene would look like, as if the images were already on the page before I started." But of course for a story that has served so dearly as a metaphor for the activities, aspirations and anxieties of its mass public, the Wizard is not just a reflection of the life Mark has had, it is an embodiment of all our lives collectively.

Everyone must come to read this story in their own way, but of those oceanic changes that have occurred in our culture since Vaughn last set pen to paper in what is today the cover of this book, let us point out two things. First, there are references here to fabled old school graffiti artists Seen, Revolt, Zephyr and Dondi-masters not simply greatly inspired by Vaughn and themselves revered by kids the world over, but creative peers and close friends of Mark himself. As much as Vaughn Bodé always sought to stretch the confines of underground comics to make it a global art form, we can only imagine today what would be his shock and pleasure to know that in other's homage to his characters how they literally committed crimes to get his work up. Secondly, look for the hand of the tattoo artist here, most particularly in the lion. One thing that has quite definitely changed in the past quarter century is the evolution of tattoos from a subcultural, quasi-criminal underground to a mainstream expression of youth culture. And Mark, who has worked extensively

as a much in demand tattoo artist not only draws that reference here, but very much draws from it. By literally drawing from another craft than his years as a cartoonist, one can clearly discern a confidence and ease in the line here, particularly Mark's dramatic outlining. Regarding such a transformation himself, Mark will note "Vaughn was very much a sketcher, and tattooing has made me more of a carver."

For all that Mark Bodé brings to the Cheech, and for all the things that Cheech's many fans, new and old, must also bring to appreciating him these many years later, the gift of his return is indeed still a miracle. I suppose it goes to show you can't keep a good wizard down, but there is absolutely no one else we could have ever trusted with his resurrection. For Mark Bodé, who grew up always trying to meet Cheech, the wizard is finally here. As a little boy he would ask his father where Cheech was, and Vaughn would point to the hills in the back of the projects where they lived. "I just couldn't see him," Mark remembers, "but my dad would tell me, 'I see him all the time, you just got to keep looking'." For the young Mark Bodé Cheech Wizard was always alive and running around in our reality, so today he has little trouble imagining him anew. The trick is that he stopped looking to the hills outside his house, and just looked within.

—Carlo McCormick



**VAUGHN BODÉ**

1941-1975

**BODÉ SCHIZOPHRENIA**

Vaughn Bodé's most personal work. The classic strip "The Man"—that introduced Bodé to the world—and "Schizophrenia"—Bodé's ego unleashed—sandwich shorter strips, essays, sketches and journal entries that reveal Vaughn Bodé the man like never before.

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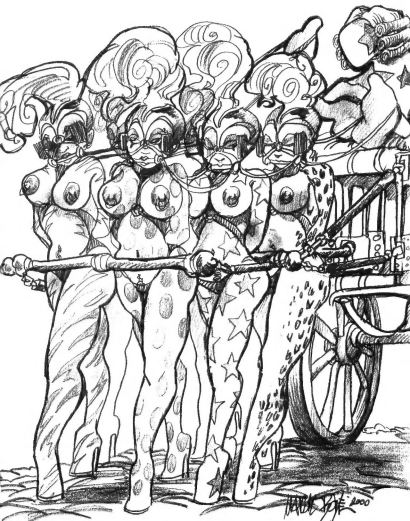
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A blue, textured hand is shown against a black background. The hand is oriented with the palm facing upwards. On each of the five fingers, there is a red, grid-like sensor. Additionally, there is a red, grid-like sensor on the palm. A red line connects the sensor on the middle finger to a text box on the right. The text box contains the text "scan books not people" in a blue, outlined font. On the palm, there is a red, outlined star shape containing the text "GET FREE DREGS" in a red, outlined font. Another red, grid-like sensor is located on the wrist area.

scan  
books  
not  
people

★ GET ★  
FREE  
★ DREGS ★